The Undergraduate.

VOL V. MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL, 1880. NO. 8.

AT TWILIGHT.

The love that comes with the twilight,
When the world is hushed and still,
And the last faint streaks of daylight
Hang over the distant hill,
Is not the love which endures,
Through years of toil and strife,
And gladdens, through care and trial,
The weary ways of life.

The gently gathering shadows,
And the hush of eventide
Are fraught with fleeting passions,
That in our heart-strings hide,
But the love that lasts forever,
And the love for which I sue,
Is the one that whispers softly:
"I love you, the whole day through."

J. C. H.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

Creation has had a history. Thoughtful men from the earliest times have felt that Creation was not the outgrowth of one independent creative act, but the result of a long series of acts Within the last half century scientific men in all lands have been tracing out this history and naturalists in their different fields of inquiry have fully satisfied themselves that animals and plants have existed for ages upon ages. Species after species have come into existence, lived out their time and disappeared, continually giving place to species of higher forms and gradually approaching and ending up in those that now exist. It is not enough for a thoughtful man to know that these species have and do exist. He must know their relation to each other and the causes and conditions of their existence.

Are species evolved from species, or are they produced independently by 'special creation'? Tlrese are problems which now engage the attention of thoughtful men wherever science and progress hold sway. The belief of the past has been that all forms of life, both animal and vegetable, originated in 'special acts' of creation, that is, were created from dead matter and with a certain degree of suddenness.

The doctrine of Evolution opposes this belief. It claims that creation was in accordance with law and order, that one organic form was derived from another, caused by some tendency to variation, this tendency being either inherent or imparted. In these forms naturalists see a wonderful foresight displayed and attribute this process of development to the direction of a guiding power. Recent naturalists of the highest authority, with few exceptions, believe in the general idea of the evolution of one species from aner and of all from original vital germs, but the question as to how species were evolved has called forth several distinct views. Darwin says, in speaking of the derivation of species, give me two or three species of animals and plants and I will show you how all species of animals and plants are evolved out of them. He knows by observation that animals and plants vary, and recognizing the fact that man improves domesticated animals by selection, he attributes to Nature a similar process. His theory claims that everywhere among all forms of organic life there is constantly going on a 'struggle for existence.'

In this struggle there is present a law of variation, and Nature by preserving the favorable variations slowly develops animals and plants from lower to higher forms. By this process, called by him 'Natural Selection,' Mr. Darwin tells us how all forms of existing life may have been evolved.

In this theory Darwin makes natural selection the cause of varieties. Sober minded naturalists oppose this extreme view. They acknowledge that there is some truth in natural selection, but not enough to exp'ain Evolution. It may accompany variations and it may help preserve the most serviceable variations, when once produced by adequate means, but they declare that it cannot bethe cause of variation. They find in Evolution something nobler, something higher, Evolution implies a cause—but what is this cause? They answer–The Infinite Creator,acting through the designed adjustments of natural forces and laws. They see in this process the carrying out of the thoughts and preconceived plans of Supreme Intelligence, and with Canon Kingsley they exclaim "if there is an Evolution, there is an Evolver." This view of Evolution, thus acknowledging the providence and direction of God, has a christian aspect and is by no means hostile to religion. Many holding this view do not stop with animals and plants but confess to be convinced of its substantial truth when applied to man. They claim that man, as regards his physical structure, was gradually evolved from irrational animals, that in due time God breathed into this physical structure thus evolved, a soul capable of thought, love and immortality, and they further hold that if God had not directed this Evolution man would never have been created.

These are the results that the most trustworthy scientists have reached by long years of study and observation. They have devoted a whole life time to the investigation, and it does not become us in our ignorance and prejudice to tell them that their work has been in vain, that their views are absurd and contrary to reason. That many look with fear and apprehension on the extreme views of a few scientists is not to be wondered at, but for a thoughtful man, a true searcher after knowledge, to affirm that there is no truth in Evolution,that it is absurd and atheistical, is most unwise. Evolution is strictly in accordance with our idea of Nature. We look abroad through the Universe. We see change on all sides—this change is regular and methodical. Everywhere order and law are manifest. It is true that Evolution has never been proved. It can never be demonstrated, but it can be showed to be highly probable. Intelligent men believe in it. It explains a great many facts. It relieves us of a great many mysteries. Prof. Gray says "that its great strength and probability appear on comparing it with its rival hypthesis, that is—the idea of immediate creation, which has never been proved, which does not even pretend to explain facts."

Is the idea of Evolution out of harmony with a devout recognition of the Being and Providence of God? No theory has as yet been advanced by evolutionists of authority, which disposes entirely of creative power. Even Darwin in his extreme view is forced to acknowledge that life started from created germs and he sincerely says that his theory ought not "to shock the religious feelings of any one." Prof. Gray of Harvard and Prof. Dana of Yale, scientists of world-wide repute and authority, have accepted the doctrine of Evolution. Both of these great men are firm and sincere believers in orthodox christianity, and they claim that their acceptance of this doctrine has not in the least weakened their faith in the christian religion or changed their views as to its doctrines. But let us see what theologians have to say. No less a man than Dr. McCosh, a leader among theologians, affirms that "there is nothing irreligious in the idea of development properly understood," and before an assembly of christian ministers he emphatically exclaims, "It is useless to tell the younger naturalists that there is no truth in the doctrine of development, for they know that there is truth which is not to be set aside by denunciation." A distinguished bishop of the Methodist church frankly acknowledges that "it would not appall our faith if it should be discovered that all the forms of life below man could be traced to a spontaneous gen-

eration from unliving monads, and that from unity they were developed into diversity, emanating from and being under the guidance of Divine Power."

These views, coming as they do from source of the highest authority, should convince us that the almost universal acceptance of this doctrine among naturalists and the growing attention given it by thinking men is no cause of alarm.

It should rather incite within us a spirit of investigation, a desire to know more of these great truths which science is opening up to our view on all sides. Evolution is the great doctrine of the day. We ought humbly and in a reverent spirit to search into and consider this stupendous problem which is now puzzling so many honest hearts, remembering that all truths are God's truths, and that if Evolution be true it is our duty to recognize it.

Truths can never be at variance with each other. They can never clash with a true belief in a Divine Being, no matter whether they are found stamped upon fossils whose lives passed away millions of years ago or whether they exist in the human heart to-day.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

These Rubaiyat or quatrains have long been known to scholars of oriental literature, but about twelve years ago, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald of London published a translation of one hundred and one of them, (there are some four or five hundred in the original) and a reprint of the third edition was issued in this country from the press of James R. Osgood & Co. in 1878. The author, Omar Khayyam, is called the astronomer-poet of Persia. He was born about the middle of the eleventh century and died in the year 1123. He was a Moslem sceptic and as some critic has said, "the substance of many of his verses is simply, 'eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!'"

But the writer is by no means tied down to such a doctrine in all his verses, for he plunges into deeper questions of metaphysics and philosophy, and we wonder that there is so little of the romance which is so common in Eastern and particularly Persian poetry. "What is the principle which has kept it alive for nearly seven hundred years?" is a question to be asked and answered.

Omar came to the Vizier and, tho' he was offered title and office, said "the greatest boon you can confer upon me is to let me live under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." The Vizier granted him twelve hundred mithokals of gold as a yearly pension, and, engaged in his favorite studies and pursuits, Omar Khayyam lived and died at Naishapur, honored by the Sultan and scientists of his time.

All his verses indicate a love of Nature, a love of living, and a yearning for truth, for answers to the questions which are asked as eagerly to-day, and are answered no more satisfactorily. The verses of this poem are filled with vivid and beautiful pictures of oriental scenes and customs. Omar had a keen and powerful imagination, and with his great learning, was able to build a poem whose every verse furnished food for thought.

Here are a few stanzas which show a delightful picture of oriental epicureanism:

Come fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter-garment of repentance fling;
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing.

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of life keep falling one by one.

* * * * *

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the glories of this world: and some
Sigh for the prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the cash, and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future Fears;

To-morrow!—Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

Though in these verses he means to say that it is best to have a good time while you can, make the best of life, and not to trouble yourself about the future, he nevertheless, in other places, asks of the future her secrets, and touching upon a question which belongs to the vital speculation of to-day, says

Oh thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with predestined evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my fall to sin?

There is a chance for study in the Rubaiyat of this old philosopher, and these graceful and probably faithful translations, place many of his thoughts within the reach of all. .

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

[A certain student who one evening was returning from a pleasant gathering of social spirits, felt exceedingly weary, and owing partly to the effects of his fatigue and partly to the unusual thickness of the darkness, he lost his bearings, and mistaking the north end of Painter Hall for the east side of Star Hall pounded most viciously at the old door, which gave way, and permitted him to enter the gloomy corridors of the ancient cellar. Being somewhat confused, he laid himself down to collect his scattered faculties, and remembered nothing further until the first gray streaks of dawn, partially illumined the gloom of the ghostly place. He lay upon his back and as the cellar grew lighter he saw, projecting a short distance over a timber a faded scrap of paper. He pulled it out, examined it carefully, and as it was presented to us as a great curiosity, we are glad to give it to our readers. Ed.]

Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 13, 18—.

My Dear Sir:

Be it known that there exists in this college a society, the purpose of which is to have as good a time as it is possible to have, and that at the least expense possible for the number who partake of the repast which is spread before us at each of our meetings. So, with the great principle of economy in mind, it hath been voted unanimously that each and every article of food which is consumed by the "Pirates" (for such we are called among each other) shall also be *stolen* by them. Otherwise they may go hungry. It is, by much probability, needless for me, the Scribe, to make statement to the effect that the Pirates are sorely perplexed at times, being worried in spirits, (and some times, I confess, *with* spirits) from much meditation as to where the needful articles of food could be most safely stolen, or for that matter where they could be stolen at all. But, to give you an account of our last supper, will be to the same result as to go on with our by-laws, and the detailed rules of our brotherhood, and perhaps, with more pleasure to you. It fell to Dick, the curly haired genius you probably remember, to obtain a young pig for roasting. Jim, whose other names I refrain from mentioning, was instructed to procure without fail, a case of champagne, I was ordered to provide a turkey, Tom offered to be at hand with luscious grapes and pears, from a neighboring vineyard, while Parson, who was so named for his superior ability in the use of strong but rather indiscriminate phrases, volunteered to bring pastry and such like. The others were appointed to obtain other minor dishes which could be stolen with little trouble and small danger of detection. On the night preceding the evening on which we were to enjoy the fruits of our labor, the scouts struck out in pursuit of booty. Jim, he stated, rode part of the way to the hotel on the express wagon, and in the gloom of the evening, deftly slipped from the rear end of the vehicle, with his case of wine intact. Tom patronized the vineyard aforesaid and narrowly escaped being sorely set upon by a huge mastiff. I was attacked most fiercely by a gobbler, which was roosting upon a fence which I wished to cross, and in defence of my person was obliged to mur-

der him. But you may be quite sure that Dick had an exceedingly onerous duty to accomplish. According to his tale, he journeyed toward Salisbury, and examined various swine houses, until he came upon one which gave forth a squeak. Thereupon he entered it and found a sow with numerous pigs about her, which seemed quite suitable for roasting. While he was attempting to seize one, they gave audible cries, and when at length, he crawled through the door, he saw looming above him a farmer, who appeared to be quite in wrath. Thereupon Dick dealt him a blow in the face with the pig, and immediately took to his heels, as the expression has it. To be brief, the farmer gathered himself together and pursued Dick, with the pig squealing upon his shoulder, near to the edge of the College Campus, when Dick succeeded in escaping from sight. Suffice it to say that the pig was most excellent, and Dick's relating of his adventure most amusing. We experienced a most jovial evening. The Parson insisted upon making a speech in Latin, but inasmuch as the only words he knew were "epluribus onion" and "sine die," he made a total failure and closed with a long "Amen." I would like to narrate to you some further adventure, but it is near the hour for prayers, and I must fit my lantern with a new bit of candle, before venturing out. Some time in the future I hope to see you at Middlebury.

I am, my dear friend, your ob't serv't, etc.

(NOTE.—The name is illegible.—ED.)

"Even the weakest man is strong enough to enforce his convictions."—*Goethe.*

"To the perfection of true friendship it is necessary that there should be one particular individual selected from the rest of mankind, who may be considered as another self, to whom we can unbosom our most serious thoughts; before whom we are not ashamed to lay open our weaknesses and foibles; or, in the expressive phrase, to think aloud."—*Sheridan.*

A FLOWER IN A BOOK.

Deep in the inmost recess of a room,
Where books of ancient lore are stored away,
Where cheerful rays of light ne'er break the gloom,
At mellow morn or at the close of day,

I find, within an alcove dark and drear,
A book in curious language, quaint and old;
Written, I trow, in some forgotten year,
By some strange hand, now lying still and cold.

I brush the dust from off its leathern sides,
And scan the leaves with careless, heedless eyes.
Little I know what in the book abides,
What thought within the ancient volume lies.

My eye rests on a yellow page, at last,
Musty and colored by the lapse of time;
Here lies a flower that bloomed in days long past,
Plucked by a hand in some far distant clime.

I even breathe a faint yet rare perfume
Uprising from its petals crisp and sere;
What hand, I wonder, plucked it in its bloom,
And pressed it in this volume lying here?

Perhaps some maiden, wandering 'mid the trees,
Where through the forest sylvan footpaths led,
Shedding its sweetness on the summer breeze,
Found this fair flower upon its mossy bed.

Perhaps she placed it in her golden hair—
A radiant jewel, which no pearls excel—
And some young lover sought the blossom rare,
To hint a love he did not dare to tell.

Perhaps some thoughtful scholar dropped it here,
To mark the passage till he read again,
And, bound within its prison close and drear,
Through long-forgotten years the flower has lain.

Perhaps—but I could wonder till the day
Has turned to dusk, and then not guess aright;
The future and the unknown past must stay
Wrapped in a darkness deeper than the night!

D.

"Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things."—*Confucius.*

"From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height."—*Carlyle.*

"A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning."—*George Herbert.*

"No man was more foolish than Oliver Goldsmith when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."—*Samuel Johnson.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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EDITORIAL.

WE went up like a rocket in our prespectus nearly ten months since, but we came down with stick a few days ago and find our self in the editorial chair again, with the shears hanging on hook with eloquent jaws wide open and ready for use. We are glad to greet our generous readers again, and will have a small chat with them as to things about college. There seems to be a desire among the students to have a revival of athletics, and base ball is already at its height, and Sophomores Pollard and Leavenworth have bled in their country's cause, and bear honorable wounds. We hear little said concerning boating. The societies have their boats in the river, and with the return of the warm weather anticipate the usual pleasures of boating on our beautiful stream. Are not boat races in order? Professor Bush has arrived and gives eminent satisfaction as instructor in Latin. After long and faithful service to the college Professor Solon Albee resigned his professorship last April. He will be remembered long with kind recollections by the graduates and undergraduates, who have been under his able tuition. We regret to state that our venerable janitor, Mr. Henry W. Powell, is unable to attend to his duties, being confined to his house with a severe sickness. We miss his familiar figure beside the bell rope door, and sincerely hope that he will soon be able to resume his work.

A FEW days ago a gentleman of this college showed us a letter which was written to friends of his by some person in Middlebury, unknown. The purport of this letter is to the effect that the said gentleman was fast going to perdition, was doing everything possible to make the world unpleasant for his mates, etc., etc., on through the category of vices. Perhaps the *motive* of the author of this letter was good, but the information contained therein was false from beginning to end, and if the friends who received the letter had not been sensible enough to take no stock in it an irretrievable misfortune might have resulted. The conclusion to be arrived at from the perusal of this letter is that the author is either a dupe or a knave. We hope that he or

she is the former rather than the latter, but we know that he or she is a coward. If it were otherwise a genuine name would have been signed. People should understand that such a proceeding may result seriously. A denial of the facts came from authority in this case, and therefore the unpleasantness was only temporary. Is it possible that the tormenter of Rev. Dr. Dix has broken loose from prison and fled to the mountains of Vermont? We advise him if such be the case, to lie very low and keep very shy, less proceedings be summary, and he wake up some morning in a very tight fitting suit of material from the old factory over the hill, ornamented with the fluttering feathers of the winged bipeds of the barnyard.

In a friendly manner, our exchange editor has been taken to task for indiscriminate praise. This matter of exchange reviews is one which could be profitably discussed at a greater length than we can give it. It has been the custom of our editor to point out what was good in an article, and let the bad go unnoticed, unless it was flagrantly bad. We fail to see the benefit arising from destructive criticism.

We do not think that many of our students realize the beauty of scenery in the vicinity of Middlebury, or realize the pleasure which can be derived from rides and drives along its country roads. One of the plasantest drives possible is toward Ripton, where very fair fishing grounds can be found. The fishing season has now begun, but where are the fishermen? In the old days, a party of students frequently went to the mountains of Ripton to kill time and trout, but with other customs this has died away. Perhaps the wretched game law of this state, which keeps the game for nabobs who can hire grounds, and leave other poor fellows eating salt herring, has something to do with it. As to this same game law, it fails to bring about the result intended, falls far short of its purpose, and there are fewer trout in Vermont to-day, than there were before this great protective law was enacted. What we need is a law which will make it a criminal offence for a man to keep trout smaller than a given size. This might not be effective, among country people who are removed from towns some distance, but they are the ones who do the least fishing. We know how frequently a man has to show his fish when he comes into town with the basket,and detection would be inevitable. Speaking of trout makes us think of some one who peddles them in Middlebury during the sum mer, and who should be prosecuted for so doing. He carries fish around by the quart, which he evidently caught in a net, (contrary to the laws of Vermont) for the poor infants are too small to bite. That is the business which spoils the fishing in Vermont, and a law to prevent it will be more effective than the aristocratic play thing, which may be sport to the founders, but is nevertheless death to the trout.

Many people who come to visit the college and the college buildings wonder why the old stone buildings are not decked with ivy, which would grow so rapidly, and add so much to the beauty of the halls, with no trouble save only what would be incident to procuring and setting out the plants. Class-day celebrations, as we have noted before, have died out at Middlebury, and the last one, if we remember correctly, was celebrated by the class of '76, who will long be remembered as a class of grand good fellows. There has been some prospect of a revival of the custom by the class of '80, and if such should be the case, we would suggest that they plant an ivy, either at Starr or Painter Hall. It would be sure to flourish, and would be pleasant for the old boys to see, when they come back again to revisit the scenes of college life. We may say what we will, and mourn over unpleasant occurrences, (which are not at all peculiar to Middlebury College alone) but examples innumerable will show that when students have graduated,

they forget what were unpleasant, and remember only the good times, which they conclude after all made up the greater portion of their college experiences. Prof. Longfellow, in speaking of his college days to a student of a college where things were in something of a ferment, said, "Don't get disgusted with college affairs. There are always students enough to find fault. When I was in college there were always men who said, if it happened to rain, 'this is regular Brunswick weather!' and if it chanced to be a pleasant day, then some fellows were sure to say, 'Regular Brunswick weather! duller than a tomb!'" This same sentiment is not peculiar to Bowdoin, but is found in every college. Don't get disgusted with college affairs. It doesn't pay. "A man without an affection for his college," says a graduate of Middlebury, "is in the same predicament as a husband who doesn't love his wife."

A writer in "The National Repository" for April has a few words to say about the Holmes Festival, and though it may be out of our province, as an undergraduate, to attempt a criticism on the said few words, we will risk the possibility of wearying our readers, and show if possible, wherein these remarks are so glaringly unjust. The whole tone of the writer's notice is one of condecension, for which tbe world could say there was no occasion. In the first place let us see what is said concerning Dr. Holmes' memorable poem on that occasion. The writer speaks of the "birth-day ode of the feted poet written in review of his long and eventful life."

The poem, "The Iron Gate," is not written in "review" of the poet's life, but rather of human life in general. But this is neither here nor there except as it showed that the writer had read the poem very hurriedly if at all. "The ode is certainly excellent of its kind. * * * But the kind must not be disregarded in estimating its value. It is pure, simple, and somewhat lofty though really melancholy embodiment in song of genuine epicurianism. * * * All along it is assumed that that this is a very good world, if only people will learn to pluck the fruits and leave the thorns, and avoid surfeiting, that the pleasures of partaking may continue. It seems to say that the only true wisdom consists in making the most of life as it is passing. True this is not the doctrine of the New Testament, but it does not appear that the occasion for which it was prepared was of that kind." The writer also says that Dr. Holmes it is very certain is not of the same denomination as St. Paul. The poem is oaid to be *somewhat* lofty! The idea is of course that it is not *entirely* lofty. Perhaps the writer would have preferred to have had our genial autocrat write a hymn for that occasion, and perhaps have sung it himself. Here is a stanza from the poem in question:

If word of mine another's gloom has brightened,
  Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
  It felt the guidance that it dare not claim.

Now this verse, probably, is not lofty in its every sentiment! What rank heresy is contained in it! On reading the notice referred to, we cannot help but surmise that the true philosophy of life believed in by the writer, is to make the least of the world and of life as it is passing. It would have been better perhaps, had Dr. Holmes shut himself up in a cave, and have had nothing to do with the world at all. It might have been better for the Doctor if he is to be abused in this manner, but it would have been a very serious loss to the world.

"The religious press of the country appears to have taken the key note of the song, and to be helping to swell the grand chorus, without the most remote reference to the fact that Dr. Holmes has won his chief renown by utterances that are *distinctly and persistently hostile to christianity.* It is certainly a christian virtue to forgive offences committed against one's self; but that is rather a superabounding charity which fails to remember the offences committed against one's best Friend." This is altogether too much. It amounts to a vicious slander, for there is no sincerer christian

than Dr. Holmes in the whole wide world, and in the truest sense of the word. We could quote innumerable instances from his poems, from The Autocrat, Professor, or Poet at the Breakfast Table, which show as sublime a faith as even Dr. Curry's! The editors of Harper and Scribner, and of other great magazines and journals, were invited to be present at the Holmes Breakfast. Perhaps the editor of the National Repository was not invited. This supposition might account for his attack on the Autocrat. He certainly is not possessed of a "superabounding charity." The writer closes his notice with this astounding statement, which should cause every reader of the magazine to blush, and mourn over what it is charity to call the ignorance of the one who wrote "As respects Christ and his religion Dr. Holmes belongs to the category in which are found the names of Voltaire and Rousseau, Thomas Paine and Colonel Ingersoll." The writer, who is evidently an orthodox christian, must believe that these men last mentioned will all be condemned, and he must therefore believe that the great Poet and Essayist will also be condemned.

If this should be the case, we reverently ask if the world has not been mistaken in its belief for eighteen hundred years, and if the darkness, with such men as Dr. Holmes, would not be better than the light?

REVIEWS.

The Atlantic and Scribner's for May are at hand. The contents of both are of their usual high order. In the Atlantic "The Stillwater Tragedy" is continued in its attsactive style. "The Examination System in Education" is full of sense. "British Americanisms" is worth attention. We consider "The Contributors' Club" the most attractive part of this monthly.

In Scribner's the much discussed character of E. A. Poe is treated briefly with more candor than some writers show. "The Grandissimes" is continued. "The Growth of Wood-Cut Printing" is also continued. "Louisiana" is concluded. "The Younger Painters of America" is an article of interest to those interested in American art. Besides these it contains its usual amount of attractive and instructive articles on historical and economic themes. The articles under the heading "Culture and Progress" are worthy especial attention.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

We often hear students complaining that some of their recitations require three or four hours for their preparation, while others can be prepared in their regular time. Now the college exercises are arranged in such a way that a definite time of two hours is alloted for the preparation of each. There are two hours between the morning and noon recitation, and the study bell rings at two o'clock for the four o'clock recitation, and it is the supposition that each student will have the same amount of time at his disposal in the evening or in the morning to prepare the first recitation at eight o'clock. The Professor who has a class at eleven, has a right to expect that the two previous hours have been devoted to the preparation of the exercise. The one at four has a right to expect the same, and the one in the morning no more. These are the regular daily college exercises. Besides these, orations, essays, declamations and general reading require a good deal of the attention and time of each student.

Now the question is, "Has any Professor the right to assign lessons that will require three or four hours for their preparation?" This would be fair enough, if all the other members of the faculty would acknowledge this right and give lessons that could be prepared in less time so that more of the working hours could be devoted to

this one exercise. But this right is not recognized, and while once exercise requires a much longer time, the rest hold to their regular hours. Thus it is necessary for the student to neglect some of the other recitations or sacrifice the time that should be devoted to some of the more general college work. If one Professor has this right of demanding extra hours work of the student, the others certainly have the same privilege,and the nine hours which are now daily devoted to regular work could be increased to twelve or thirteen at the whim of the different members of the faculty, with the soothing assurance to the students that if they failed to thus devote their time, they will be dropped.

The most of the students have their times of study so arranged in connection with other work, that any extra time devoted to one must be at a sacrifice to another. From these considerations would it not be better for each Professor to bear in mind that he cannot justly demand the students' whole attention nor any more of it than, in the regular arrangement of exercises, is allotted to him?

s.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Chapel and choir again.

No Seniors at rhetoricals this term.

Only the very bravest now dare attempt to pun.

Vacations and things of beauty are joys forever.

Some of the Senior orations are still in the embryo.

New photograph rooms are opened in the Lovett block.

The Sophs. have had their final (?) struggle with analytics.

F. E. Frisbie of the class of '82 has not entered this term.

Dr. Geo. N. Boardman of Chicago, arrived in town last Thursday.

Time, tide and railroad trains wait for no man, students not excepted.

There is to be another meeting of the corporation of the college on May 11th.

The campus has been relieved of its withered leaves in the vicinity of the walks.

Boating has commenced upon the creek, although the water is quite high yet.

The Sophomores are taking practical lessons in surveying under Professor Brainerd.

Professor Seely has been appointed librarian in the place of Professor Albee resigned.

The alarm of fire a few days since has revived the discussion of a new fire engine in town.

Some of the Freshmen should take lessons in blowing the organ before they appear in public.

A Junior wanted to know of a Freshman if they were reading Herodotus in Latin this term.

Dr. Plumley has sold his drug store to Mr, P. Hanaford of Underhill,who took possession May 1.

According to a vote taken at the book auction recently the handsomest man in town is a Junior.

A Freshman bid off a copy of "Fairy Tales for Children," at the book auction the other evening.

An occasional black eye and bandaged finger tell us that the base-ball season is at hand in all its glory.

Ned Oliver of the Sophomore class, having secured a position in New York, will not return to college this year.

The Euterpe Club are soon to give another public entertainment. The simple announcement is enough to insure them a large house.

Rev. G. H. Vibbert of Boston delivered a temperance lecture on the eve of May 2d in the Congregational church. He treated his subject in the line of political economy in a very able and interesting manner.

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh," was recently read at the morning exercises, and the murmurs of approbation that went through the Sophomore class showed how universally they believed in the inspired word.

On Wednesday, May 5th, the college base ball association elected the following officers for the season: Pres., H. R. Dorr; vice pres., F. S. June; sec., A. C. Peck; treas., W. M. Bixby. P. M. Meldon was chosen captain of the club.

Several of the students have obtained positions as waiters in a hotel at Old Orchard Beach, Me. and Martha's Vineyard.

Mr. Powell has not been able to attend to his duties this term. He is slowly recovering and we hope to soon see him back.

A Sophomore says that "way back in Chaucer's time in the seventeenth century, *tea* was spelled *the*, and accented on the last sylable.

One of the Juniors claims to have discovered a new Latin verb; it has an irregular formation and is conjugated, *flammo*, *flammere*, *graduate*, *desertum*.

The bonfire on the campus the other night was undoubtedly more interesting to those who had charge of it than to those whose slumbers were disturbed.

Professor: "What is the difference between a leaf that is *retuse* and one that is *emarginate* at the apex?" Student: "One is a little more so than the other."

We have heard it rumored that a Freshman interrupted the auctioneer the other evening to ask him who was the author of the family Bible he was trying to sell.

The noon recitation was omitted on May 1st to give the students an opportunity to go Maying. Many excursions were made and some fine boquets brought back in spite of the snow.

The penalty of probation which was imposed upon the students after the trouble of last winter is now removed, and all members of the college are men in "good and regular standing."

Professor Seely has received the appointment from the Troy Methodist Conference of representative to the general conference to be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, during the month of May.

One of the Seniors claims he was not at all surprised, when, after sauntering about the depot for half an hour, he stepped to the door and found his train had been gone about two minutes.

The last pedestrian exhibition of the Barnes Hose Co. of Burlington, at the Academy Hall, was not a complete success, there being only one fifteen cent ticket sold. The exhibition was adjourned.

There broke upon the sacred stillness of the balmy air the bell's discordant sound. And far above on steeple's lofty height, appeared a weird and dusky form, tacking thereon a cloth which had some letters traced upon it in oil and lampblack.

Each member of the Junior class is required to mount during the term, fifty botanical specimens, giving the date and place of gathering in addition to the name and description. The final examination is to be made on the specimens presented.

The Senior bought books at the auction because he wanted them; the Junior, for fear he might want them sometime; the Sophomore because they were cheap, and the Freshman because they were gilt edge and bound in showy covers.

The Freshman, who recently got upon the train without procuring a ticket and then jumped off at the first opportunity and walked back several miles to the station to wait for the next train and purchase a half fare ticket, to which he was entitled, refuses to converse upon the subject.

Messrs. Dayton and Knox of New York held a sale of books at Read's old stand in the Dyer block, during the week ending April 29th, with an auction each evening. Some of the books were of the best, and many have taken this opportunity to replenish their libraries.

Prof. G. G. Bush, Ph. D., of Quincy, Mass., has accepted an invitation to instruct in the Chair of Latin, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Albee. Prof. Bush is a graduate of Wesleyan University in the class of 1866. In 1868 he accepted a position in the Vt. Conference Seminary and Female College, Montpelier, where for six years he taught Latin and Greek. The four years following were mostly spent in Europe; nearly three years at the German Universities at Heidelberg and Leipsic, and the remaining time in travel in Italy, Greece, Egypt and Palestine. Since his return he has acceptably filled many lecture engagements. Prof. Bush has commenced his labors and his connection with the students has been very pleasant and enjoyable.

At a meeting of the corporation held the 7th of April, Professor Solon Albee tendered his resignation as Professor of Latin and as Librarian.

This was accepted by the corporation after considerable deliberation. Professor Albee presented a resignation at the meeting of the corporation last July, which was not at the time accepted; but as he had decided to discontinue his connection with the college, this one was presented at this time. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the corporation:

Resolved, That Mr. Solon Albee, who has been Professor of Latin and Librarian at Middlebury College for the last fourteen years, and whose resignation we have reluctantly accepted, has our highest regard as a man and a christian, and the manner in which he has discharged his duties to the college, both as Professor and Librarian, and especially, his scholarly attainment and thoroughness and fidelity as an instructor, are worthy of and have our highest commendation.

Resolved, That the Secretary present to Professor Albee a copy of the resolutions, duly authenticated under the seal of the corporation, as a communication to him of our due appreciation of his services to the college.

The following is a programme of the Junior exhibition which was given at the close of last term Space did not permit of our giving this in our last issue:

Pianoforte Solo—Standchen, (Transcription) Schubert
Prof. E. H. Higley. —Liszt.

Classical Oratio—The Man of Homer.
J. L. Barton, New Haven.

Oration—The Tay Disaster.
H. B. Boice, Middlebury.

Quartette—How have I loved thee, Native Land.
College Quartette. —Mohring.

Oration—What we owe to a Traitor.
M. A. Brooks, Hartford, Conn,

Oration—Robert Burns.
J. D. Jones, Richville, N. Y.

Song—Good night, Farewell. Kucken.
Miss H. M. Tupper.

Scientific Oration—The Christian Doctrine of Evolution.
F. S. June, Brandon.

Historical Oration—The Old Light, and The New.
C. S. Murkland, Lowell, Mass.

Quartette—Festival Hymn. Buck.
Mrs. L. M. Fletcher. Miss H. M. Tupper.
Dr. W. H. Sheldon. Mr. H. B. Boice.

Oration- The Heroines of Scott.
E. M. Parker, Middlebury.

Colloquy–. A Leaf from College Life.
J. C. Harvey, Danbury, Conn.

COLLOQUII PERSONÆ.

Prof. Ketchum,.....J. L. Barton.
Tom,..... J. C. Harvey.
Dick,..... M. A. Brooks.
Harry,.....H. B. Boice.
Charlie,..... C. S. Murkland.

PERSONALS.

'26. Rev. Dr. J. W. Chickering of Washington, for more than thirty years pastor of the High Street Congregational church, at Portland, Maine, preached a sermon at the Congregational church in this place Sunday, April 2. In the afternoon Dr. Chickering conducted the communion service, being assisted by Rev. Mr. Little, his friend and classmate at Andover.

'27. The great work of the late Dr. E. C. Wines is reviewed in Scribner for April.

'39. Hon. William A. Howard, Governor of Dakotah, died at Washington on the 10th of April, in the 68th year of his age. Governor Howard was born in Vermont, and after graduating took up his residence at Detroit, Mich. He was thrice elected as a Member of Congress from the State of Michigan and was a member of the committee of ways and means. In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln postmaster at Detroit. In 1868 he received the appointment of Minister to China, but declined.

'40. A new edition of "Hudson's Shakespeare" in twenty volumes, two plays in each volume, is announced as in preparation by Ginn & Heath of Boston. They are also printing revised and enlarged editions of the plays prepared for the use of schools.

'57. The law firm of Stewart & Eldredge is dissolved.

'62. George H. Sweet has retired from the publishing firm of Fay & Sweet of Potsdam, N. Y., and has received an appointment to a position in the New York Custom House.

'70. S. A. Giffin has removed from Ludlow to Boulder City, Colorado, where he expects to make his future home.

'71. Prof. J. M. Mallory spent his vacation in Middlebury.

'73. Rev. George W. Brooks of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, has been seriously ill.

'76. Charles M. Prynne and William W. Gay were in town recently. Mr. Prynne is back again on the Springfield Republican, and has been promoted from the chair of local editor to the literary department of the paper. Mr. Gay has gone on a trip to the far West, with a view of settling there if circumstances are favorable.

'77. We called a few days ago upon Willis I. Twitchell, at his home in Weybridge. Mr. Twitchell has sufferod terribly from inflammatory rheumatism, and is still unable to move without the aid of crutches. When first attacked he was Principal of the graded schools in Windsor, Conn. We sincerely hope that he will be benefitted with the return of warm weather.

'77. Charles Warner is practicing medicine in Port Henry, New York.

'78. Fremont Hamilton is practicing medicine in Cornwall.

'79. Frank Whipple is at his home in Danby and expects to return to New York next winter.

'80. Dr. W. H. Sheldon is going to Denver, Colorado, to enter upon the practice of medicine.

'80. Charles Sweet is still at Belle Plain, Iowa. He has regained his health and contemplates returning to college next fall.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

The of students of Michigan University number 1427.

160 courses of study are offered the students at Ann Arbor.—*Tuftonian.*

110 Courses of study are offered the students at Ann Arbor.—*Brunonian.*

The Ithaca magistrates have fined a Cornell man $15 for blowing a horn.

Prof. Frieze will occupy the President's chair at Michigan University during the absence of Pres. Angell.

The new Princeton dormitory is nearly completed. A new chapel costing $100,000 is soon to be erected.

The Columbia curriculum does not include modern languages, and the students are petitioning for reform.

Hamilton seniors are allowed voluntary attendance at prayers this year, as an experiment, and the result is an average attendance of three.

Wellesley is in a ferment of indignation. Two girls have been suspended six weeks for *whispering* in chapel while President Chadbourne was preaching.

It is reported that Dr. Chadbourne, President of Williams' College, recently stated that if Grant were nominated he would take the stump and speak against him in every state from Maine to California.

EXCHANGES.

We are sorry that Washington Jeffersonian is laboring under such financial difficulties.

The College Argus is a welcome visitor. "Wesleyan in the army" is a well written and spicy narrative.

The Bates Student is among the pleasantest of our exchanges. It is neat in form and its matter is by no means inferior.

If the University Press needs a supplement every time, we think it had better be incorporated into the regular paper.

Richmond College Messenger for April is, we think, an issue of high merit. Its articles are of a high order both in thought and diction.

The Nassau Literary Magazine has a sickly looking cover. The themes for its literary articles are somewhat lofty, but they are quite ably treated.

Our estimate of the Hamilton Literary Monthly is very high. "The Place of Jerusalem among Ancient Cities," is a studied article. "What Poetry owes to the Belief in a Future Life," and "Superstitions in Shakespeare's Tragedies" are pleasant reading.

The most noticable feature of a large number our exchanges is the excitement over base ball. We have always considered all such things as carrying base ball and boating to such extremes as they have been for several years as silly nonsense for college students. The Dartmouth devotes nearly two pages of its last issue to "The Nine's Trip." During this trip they were most thoroughly whipped. The comments of the editor on their success are amusing. He says, "Taking everything into consideration the nine did well." If being thoroughly worsted in every game is doing well we agree with the editor. But he consoles the nine by saying that next time they will meet some "inferior clubs" and will be likely to show a better score.

PLUNDER.

Inscription for Ingersoll's tombstone—"Robert Burns."

A Chicago editor says the pig-pen is mightier than the sword.

A Western organist played "What Will the Harvest Be?" as a bridal couple marched out of the church.

The *Palma* for off-hand shooting has been awarded to the Vassar girl who shot hers off at the first attempt.

The fact that most of the streams and ponds of Florida abound in alligators makes it uphill work for the Baptist Church in that State.

The freshman wants to know "Why it is illegitimate to use a horse? since Greek was first introduced into Troy by this means."

"Can a clergyman marry himself?" asks an exchange. We suppose he can, but we are afraid he would not be a happy couple.

A fair child of co-education, upon asking a Sophomore for the use of his "pony" was refused on the ground that "the creature could not bear a side-saddle."

Professor in German, to Junior—"In the sentence, 'Jehovah made for him a female companion,' what dative is the phrase 'for him'?" Junior—"A clear case, a very clear case of disadvantage."

"I say, old lady," said a man on a country road the other day, "did you see a bicycle pass here just now?" "No, I didn't see no kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I seed a wagon wheel runnin' away with a man. You kin believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."

"Darn a fool!" said Wilkins to his wife. "Certainly," replied Mrs. Wilkins, flourishing a darning-needle. "Whereabouts are you worn out?" "Some folks are too smart to live long," retorted he. "My dear," she answered, sweetly, "let me congratulate you upon your fair prospect for a long life."

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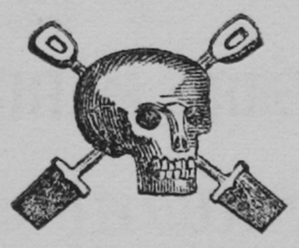

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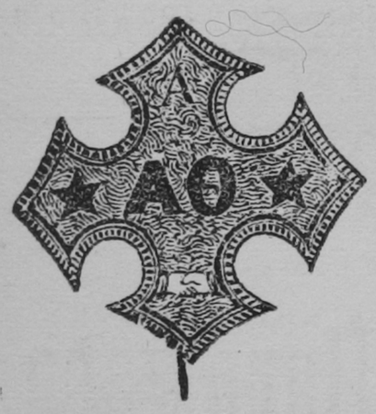

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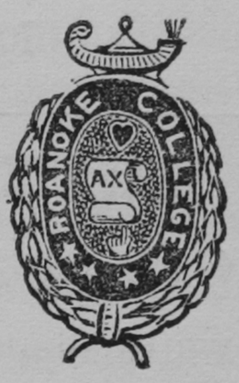

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